

GRAPHIC

Vol. XXII. No. 2

Los Angeles, Cal., February 11, 1905

Price, 10 Cents



MADAME MABEL DOLMETSCH
at Simpson Auditorium

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

GRAPHIC

*Published every week at
123 Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal., by
THE GRAPHIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
R. H. Hay Chapman, Editor Winfield Scott, Mgr.
Home Phone 5534 Sunset James 7351*

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE : : : : : \$2.50 Per Year

Single Copies, 10 cents.

Foreign subscriptions (countries in postal union) \$3.50 a year.

Sample copies and advertising rates sent on application.

For sale by all news dealers.

*Entered at the Post Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
as Second Class Mail Matter.*

THE GRAPHIC is mailed to subscribers every Thursday and should be received in this city and vicinity not later than Friday. Please report delays to this office.

Matters of Moment

The Sacramento Scandal

Ten days ago the filing of startling charges of corruption against four members of the state senate created a storm of indignation throughout the state, which seemed to have properly concentrated at Sacramento. The most rigid investigation was promised, with a fair prospect of the punishment of the corruptionists. At this writing, the storm threatens to subside—particularly at Sacramento. Indeed, a calm survey of the facts tends to demonstrate that the newspaper correspondents, and not the legislators, were mainly responsible for the explosion of indignation. Now we are told by reliable observers that the attitude of most senators towards their accused colleagues is more one of sympathy and regret than of shame and indignation. It would appear that the gravest error of the four senators in the eyes of the majority of their fellow members of the Legislature lies in being found out. The deduction is only too inevitable that such irregularities—to give the most charitable term possible to such transactions—are so frequent and so familiar in the experience of California's lawmakers, that little attention is paid to them, unless the transactions are foolish or "raw" enough to be detected.

What Californian, at all conversant with the manners and morals of Sacramento, is really surprised at such a revelation of the low code that obtains at the Capitol? It is notorious that the number of either able or independent men in the State Legislature is shamefully small. It is doubtful, indeed, if twenty per cent of the senators and assemblymen in the present legislature command the absolute confidence of their constituents. It is impossible that it should be otherwise when it is realized that a considerable majority of the present Legislature is at the beck and call of two or three political bosses who represent the Southern Pacific Railway and other powerful corporations. The man who sacrifices his duty to his constituency and his own independence at the order of a corporation boss cannot be expected to maintain a high standard of personal honor. From betrayal of the people's will to the acceptance of bribes is merely a matter of degree in dishonor.

No wonder that the majority of our Sacramento statesmen are reported to froth at the mouth at the

mention of the "Recall". But if these four offending senators are not condignly punished by their colleagues, the strongest argument ever advanced for the righteousness of Direct Legislation will be given by its enemies themselves.

California is already punished both in shame and in shekels. Besides the evil report that has gone broadcast over the land, the actual cost of the investigation will be at least \$10,000. That price, of course, the people will have to pay.

How many more similar "irregularities" must be disclosed; how many more corrupt legislators smoked out, before the People will realize that the root of the responsibility lies with themselves and that the fault is their own? As long as we neglect to take sufficient interest in public service to satisfy ourselves of the worthiness of our public servants, we cannot expect to be satisfied with the results. As long as we delegate the duty of selecting legislators and councilmen to corporations which are wise enough to recognize their vital interest in the public service, we cannot expect state or municipal government that is a credit to the body politic. Apparently the public conscience is only to be aroused spasmodically by the explosion of such scandals as that caused by the late regime of graft and extravagance in the Los Angeles street superintendent's office, when the raid on the public treasury and the private pocket was painfully brought home to taxpayers. It may require a still graver scandal than that which will in all likelihood be indecently interred shortly at Sacramento to arouse Californians to the recognition of their personal responsibility in the selection of their representatives in the state government.

That there are high-minded men in the Legislature is undeniable, but, unfortunately, their beneficial influence against the miasma that generally infects Sacramento has been comparatively small and only occasionally effective. One strong man, with the irresistible force of public opinion behind him, might purge the legislative atmosphere, as did Folk in Missouri. Have we a Folk in California, and has public indignation against boodling and corruption been sufficiently aroused to give arms to the man?

Diet—Menus and Morals

The apostles of the Simple Life are only just beginning to raise their voices above the din of Strenuous Endeavor. Although the first decade of the twentieth century is marking an unprecedented era of Wealth-worship and demands the absorption of human activities in the "irrepressible conflict" of competition, nevertheless the present generation finds time for remarkable concern of its spiritual welfare. There has a distinct reaction from the blind and desperate materialism which seemed to characterize the trend of many prominent thinkers twenty years ago. Today men are seeking Truth and Light by a thousand various avenues. The very fact that modern life is so exigent and that nine-tenths of men's time is ground out in the material mill of struggle for success increases the craving for spiritual recreation, with its promise of sustenance and solace. To this prevalent condition of spiritual unrest may also be ascribed the phenomenal interest aroused by the activities of "revivalists," such as

this city is at present experiencing and of which reports reach us from many quarters of the globe.

Too many men imagine they have exhausted the truths of the old Gospel and are in need of a new revelation. It is a flattering but altogether unsubstantiated notion that some lay to their souls that the intellect of the twentieth century has outgrown the vestments of Christianity. And yet modern civilization still neglects most rudimentary rules of life, the importance of which was established by ante-Christian philosophies.

The terrible dangers and punishments of overindulgence in strong drink are constantly preached to the people. But while the world is unanimous concerning the evils of intoxication, it remains strangely callous to the even far more prevalent and hardly less injurious vice of overeating. It was Tolstoi who contended that it is almost impossible for even the best-intentioned man to live a life of physical purity if he eats meat to excess. It may prove one condoning circumstance in the Beef Trust's record that Messrs. Armour and Swift have made the eating of meat so expensive, but it should be of little salvation to them in that they also control the price of cereals and fruit and show no disposition to cheapen these more wholesome commodities.

The Japanese have taught the older civilizations many valuable lessons during the last year, but none of greater importance than their example of diet. The little brown men use no meat, but in both strength and endurance have far distanced their meat-eating foes.

Without subscribing to or even advocating vegetarianism, the average American must be conscious that he overloads his stomach with far too much meat for either his physical, intellectual or spiritual edification. A man who eats meat three times a day will need no scientific demonstration that he is overtaxing his system, if he will alter his diet for only a few days and limit his meat-eating to a single meal. He will promptly find that both his physical and mental powers are more alert and sustained.

It has only lately recurred to the minds of men that menus have much to do with morals. The tendency of twentieth-century hospitality in the West is too often towards ostentation and surfeit. Both are extremely vulgar, but the reputation of a host is frequently gauged by the cost and profusion of the viands and vintages under which his mahogany moans. Simplicity in entertaining is almost a forgotten virtue in modern society. If one hostess gives a luncheon of five courses, which cost her \$4 a plate, the next hostess is not satisfied unless her luncheon costs \$5 a plate and includes six courses. Hence, the quintessence of vulgar display, vain emulation and inordinate gorging. In the older civilizations there has for some years been a distinct trend towards moderation and simplicity in eating and drinking. The barbarous custom of mixing three or four wines at dinner has long been discarded and the elaborate menus of our forefathers are no longer fashionable. It is no longer "good form" or "the correct thing" to drink or to eat too much. The man who after dinner confesses himself "too full for utterance" is not tolerated in polite society, whereas a century ago it was by no means a badge of dishonor to be known either as a lusty trencherman or as a "two-bottle man." Hence, it is strange that

so many hostesses still vie with each other in the profuse elaboration of their entertainments.

The moral argument of moderation in meat-eating is not yet generally preached, except by Buddhists, who for centuries have taught that as soon as the diet is changed from meat to vegetables there is a diminution in animal lust. An English schoolmaster of note in addressing the Moral Education Society the other day declared that the menus of the well-to-do are on the topsy-turvy system. Instead of being so arranged as to appease hunger, they are calculated to stimulate appetite. If the cheese and the dessert came first, far less meat would be eaten. Every single meal taken, according to a modern menu is, he said, a stimulus to passion.

It will not be long before men and women will learn that it is quite as important to bridle the appetite for food as for drink. If some of the modern evangelists would take up the doctrine of diet and mix it liberally with their expositions of the gospel, "conversions" might be less spasmodic and more permanent.

Lot was fleeing from Sodom.

"I can't understand why the wave of reform is going on now," he soliloquized; "it's nowhere near election."

Taking no chances, however, he wisely continued his flight.

An Alternative of State Socialism

The gradual decline of individual opportunity in this country is a favorite theme of the Socialist writer, who seeks to deduce therefrom the futility of the old reliance on the institution of private property. Taking up the Socialist argument at this point, Judge Peter S. Grosscup, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, undertakes to show, in the February McClure's, that the hope of the country lies in the extension of individual participation in the proprietorship of capital and industry. In other words, instead of intrusting the ownership of the agencies of production to the Government itself, he would increase the private citizen's opportunity to become a proprietor. "The paramount problem," says Judge Grosscup, "is not how to crush, or hawk at, or hamper the corporation, merely because it is a corporation, but how to make this new form of property-ownership a workable agent toward repeopling the proprietorship of the country's industries."

The first step in the solution of the problem advocated by Judge Grosscup is the assumption by the National Government of corporation control and regulation.

The second step, the step for which the first is taken, is to take care upon what kind of corporate proposal the Government's great seal is set—to cut out the stock-jobbing corporation; the waterlogged corporation; the mere vision of visionaries; the labyrinthian corporation whose stock and bond issues are so purposely tangled that no mind not an expert's can follow their sinuosities. In short, to regenerate the corporation.

The third step is to open to the wage-earner of the country the road to proprietorship. The basis of every successful enterprise is the command: Go forth, increase, and multiply; and to no enterprise can rightfully be denied the fruits of that command. But capital is not the sole thing that enters into enterprise. The skill that puts the ship together, or that subsequently pilots her, is not the sole thing. The men who drive the bolts, and feed the fires, contribute; and to them, as to the capitalist, and to the captains and the lieutenants of industry, should go a part of the increment;

not as gratuity, but as their proper allotment out of the combined forces that have made the enterprise successful.

Judge Grosscup directs attention to the fact that while the growth of wealth per capita during the twenty years from 1880 to 1900 was about 10 per cent, the amounts invested in bank deposits by people of small means in the same period increased over 500 per cent. A large part of this great savings fund undoubtedly represents money withheld or withdrawn from active business.

The Prince and the Punch Bowl

A correspondent asks the New York Sun why Governor Carter of Hawaii should be censured for accepting a silver punch bowl as a gift from Prince Fushimi of Japan, at the very time when President Roosevelt is thanking President Palma, in terms of unusually enthusiastic gratitude, for the gift of a volume of public documents from the Government Printing Office in Havana.

The Sun calls the attention of its correspondent to the exact language of the eighth clause of Section 9 of Article I of the United States Constitution:

No person holding any office of profit or trust under them [the United States] shall, without the consent of the Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title of any kind whatever, from any King, Prince or foreign State.

The donor of the punch bowl happens to be a Prince, and the gift therefore comes clearly within the scope of this constitutional prohibition. The donor of the volume of public documents, which has moved Mr. Roosevelt so profoundly, and which he says he will keep as one of the most precious mementos and will leave as a legacy to his children, happens to be neither a King, nor a Prince, nor again a foreign State.

Nose Nuisance

The police ought to discipline the women who sell alleged "perfumery" from the doorways of business blocks. Many of these vendors make a practice of squirting their stinking wares on the passers-by. One young woman on Third street laughed insolently when a victim indignantly remonstrated with her. The average man does not care to complain of a woman to the police when she is trying to earn an honest living, but such an offense is intolerable. It would be bad enough if the "perfume" were endurable, but the rotten stuff is in itself an insult to the reputation of the land of flowers.

"OMAR CAYENNE"

We are no other than a passing Show
Of clumsy mountebanks that come and go
To please the General Public; now who gave
To IT the right to judge, I'd like to know?

Impotent Writers bound to feed ITS taste
For Literature and Poetry debased;
Hither and thither pandering we strive,
And one by one our Talents are disgraced.

The Scribe no question makes of Verse or Prose,
But what the Editor demands he shows;
And he who buys three thousand words of Druse,
He knows what People want—you bet he knows!
—Gelett Burgess.

Cholly Gosling—Have you heard about my family tree?
Mamie Snapley—No; but I always heard that you came
from the backwoods.

By The Way

If They Dared.

The Charter Amendment question seems to have solved itself very much as I indicated my belief that it would when I wrote on this topic a week ago. It may have been that there were among the Legislators some who would have been glad to have allowed their vote on the amendments to be used to work politics with the Mayor—if they dared; but I do not believe that any of them would have dared. Any man who has gone far enough into the game of politics to get a seat in the Legislature knows that the will of the people definitely expressed at the polls is a thing to be feared and obeyed. Where the judgment is expressed in ambiguous terms or hangs on a narrow majority, an opportunity may present itself for him to dodge; but when, as in this case, the line is plainly drawn, there is just one thing for the man who wishes to remain in politics to do, and that is to respect the wishes of the people. As to the theory that was promulgated by the alarmists that the votes to defeat the charter were to come from the Northern part of the State, that idea never appealed to me as reasonable. Wouldn't the people of Santa Rosa, for example, take note of the fact that their member was used by the politicians of Los Angeles to turn down the will of the people of this city, and would they consider he was fit to be trusted next season when they might themselves have charter amendments to put forward? Two years ago, after a great hue and cry against the Los Angeles Charter Amendments, only eighteen votes against them could be mustered in the two houses combined—and those amendments contained the civil service, direct legislation and recall, all of which were obnoxious to political workers; whereas these present amendments deal almost exclusively with matters of local administration.

"Sunny Jim's" Woes.

The new street superintendent, James Hanley, is popularly known about the city hall as "Sunny Jim"; and certainly if he can maintain a pleasant disposition in the midst of the trials and aggravations by which he is now surrounded, he is well entitled to this sobriquet. When the budget was made up last spring the council allowed Mr. Werdin \$365,000, which was a thousand dollars a day, for the year. This was not what Mr. Werdin demanded by \$45,000, but was fifty per cent more than any of his predecessors had been allowed. During the preceding year he had run over the council's estimate \$90,000, and finding that this kind of money came easy he started right off overdrawing his allowance at the rate of \$15,000 a month. While his allowance was \$30,000, he spent \$45,000. The result is that at the end of the seven months of the fiscal year there is a deficit of over \$100,000, and poor Jim Hanley is left with only \$35,000 to cover five months, or \$7,000 a month, where Werdin spent \$45,000. At the rate Werdin was going his deficit for the fiscal year would have been twice what he achieved the preceding year, or \$180,000, as against \$90,000—and over half a million total expenditure for the year. The new council has waked up to the seriousness of the situation, although how they are to maintain

the streets and not run the city into debt is a problem. They propose to allow Mr. Hanley \$26,000 a month, which is \$4,000 less than they allowed Werdin in their estimate and \$19,000 less than he actually used. Even with this reduction, the department will show a deficit of \$95,000. Of course, the streets were turned over to Mr. Hanley in deplorable condition, and now on top of all "Sunny Jim's" other troubles comes the worst rainstorm we have had in fifteen years, ripping the roadbeds to pieces and throwing tons of refuse over the paved streets. How he can manage to still go about wearing one of those smiles that won't come off is a mystery to everybody.

One View of the Revivalists.

The performance of a hundred or more revivalists tramping through the streets at midnight in a pouring rain has excited a variety of comment, some of it admiring and some of it otherwise. The opinion of the non-church-going element is naturally unfavorable and may be passed as irrelevant, as we may admit that people who are possessed of no religious sentiment whatever are not qualified to pass judgment on a matter of this kind. But there are among the earnest church members of the city many who do not approve of revivals and who particularly deplore a spectacular performance like the now famous midnight march. A friend of mine, who is one of the best known and most highly-esteemed citizens of Los Angeles, an active worker in church and charitable and public affairs, and a man of deep religious sentiment, said to me, when I asked him if he was attending any of the revival gatherings, "I do not believe in frenzied religion any more than I do in frenzied finance or frenzied politics. I cannot find anything in the gentle and loving message of Christ that justifies these reckless and intemperate forms of worship. They do not tend to raise, but rather to lower the dignity of the church and its mission. It is true that people flock to the meetings in great numbers and a high degree of religious enthusiasm is worked up, but is any permanent good accomplished? Statements are issued of the exact number of souls saved and the cost per soul of the process; but do we know that they are actually saved and that they will stay saved? I do not question that those that engage themselves in this work are sincere and well-meaning, but are they not allowing the enthusiasm that comes with the glamor of great crowds, the singing and the eloquence of imported talkers to run away with their plain, every-day good sense? As for the midnight march, its chief result, I find, is to provide scoffers with a tangible basis for the accusation that many of the revival workers lack the common intelligence that should teach them to go in when it rains."

As An Economical Investment.

At the same time, what may appear to be distasteful, even repulsive, to this most highly-esteemed citizen, may also be exceedingly attractive to others who perhaps have not had the advantage of the refining influences that have modeled his own life. To most of us the main features of the Salvation Army are distasteful; to many of us their form of ritual is almost irreligious, and yet it is that peculiar ritual that is the foundation of their wonderful success with the people they plan to attract. To the man

whose religion was inspired at his mother's knee and was fostered in some beautiful church, the sight of a clamoring mob at the street corner, aroused to fervor by the tambourines of Hallelujah lassies and the exhortations of men in "blood and fire" sweatshirts, is naturally offensive. He could not worship God that way, yet he is a rash man who will say that God cannot be worshiped that way—the only way that appeals to certain minds. Dr. Chapman and his colleagues probably do not expect to attract either those who already know what religion is or those to whom the idea of sudden repentance and emotional method is illogical. The revivalists have their ethical as well as their religious defense. They claim that if in three weeks, at a cost of \$7,500, they can influence the lives of 2,500 men and women for good, they are doing the community a great service at a very small cost. I would say indeed that if the revivalists have influenced the lives of twenty-five young men, so that instead of developing into defaulting bank cashiers, highwaymen, or boodling Legislators, they will become honest and worthy members of society, then their work is well worth while and the \$7,500 is an economical investment for the community.

An Oklahoma man has discovered that there were department stores in ancient Hebrew days. He quotes the fourteenth verse in the fourteenth chapter of Job: "All my appointed time will I wait, till my change comes."

Lankershim's Plight.

I confess to a feeling of amusement, tempered amusement, over the situation that has developed since the Lankershim Hotel has gone after a liquor license. The situation which confronts "Colonel Jim" Lankershim and his right-hand man, Manager Cooper, is not unlike that which faced Gus Holmes when the Angelus was opened. "Colonel Jim" and Cooper want a retail liquor license—want it badly. But the 200 license limit is full and there doesn't seem much chance for a vacancy. To get a license Messrs. Lankershim and Cooper are told that they must buy, the same as John Doe and Richard Roe would have to do if they wanted to go into the retail liquor business. If Messrs. Lankershim and Cooper even want a chance to buy they must agree to sell

ENLARGEMENTS AND REPRODUCTIONS
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somebody's draught beer. They have chosen, instead of buying, to publish their trials and tribulations; have pointed to their investments and have asserted their right to a license without brewery intervention. We are solemnly assured by the ponderous Times that the Board of Police Commissioners is going to "investigate." Of course, in the end "Colonel Jim" and Manager Cooper will get a license, but I am curious to know whether it will be by purchase or whether the police board will wrest a license from somebody by main strength and give it to them.

Some Plain Truths.

Public sentiment in Los Angeles is against any increase of the number of saloon licenses. With the growth of the city the value of these licenses to those who hold them is certain to increase, and the competition to possess a license will become with each year more keen. With this granted, it follows that the more valuable a license becomes the more careful will the holders be that no infractions of the law are practiced, for no man for the price of a glass of beer will willingly jeopard a perishable piece of property like a saloon license. It follows, too, that if saloon licenses have a value would-be holders will be expected to pay the price.

"Trust," You Say?

"Trust," I hear you say? Naturally. Such a set of conditions will always create a "trust." Given a limited and fixed supply of any commodity or thing, whether oil, flour, or saloon licenses, and given an increasing demand for the article, and a trust grows of itself. The "ins" will struggle to stay in and the "outs" will struggle and "holler" to break in. That's human nature.

Sell the Licenses?

Some good citizens rise in this emergency and say that the city ought to sell each license as it becomes available to the highest bidder. That is to say, the moment one of the existing licenses becomes null through revocation by the police board or otherwise, the license should be put up at auction and the money covered back to the city treasury. The moment such a proposition is made in earnest the ultra temperance element will rise in force and protest against the legalization of the liquor trade. I am inclined to think that the liquor trade would welcome legalization, and as for competition at "auction sales" of licenses—well, we have seen how much competition there is for street railroad franchises. It is beautiful in theory. The liquor trade of the United States wants nothing better than that the manufacture and sale of spirituous, vinous and malt liquors be placed on the same plane as other business callings.

Investigation Useless.

The final source of amusement to me is the solemn assurance of the Times that there is going to be an investigation by the police board. What can that board accomplish by investigating something which is known to everybody? What can it accomplish by learning that this brewer owns the lease of John's saloon property? Or that that brewer has loaned Henry money? Or that the other brewer gives Richard a secret rebate of so much on each bar-

rel of beer sold? Isn't it already a known fact that there isn't a single large restaurant in Los Angeles that isn't selling exclusively some particular brewer's beer. And isn't the presumption of a business arrangement evident on its face? And, moreover, isn't the liquor business in Los Angeles so well guarded that the moment the police board says it will enforce the laws to the letter, the liquor element responds like a piece of steel to a magnet? I take it that the business of the police board and department is to see that the laws are enforced. The relations of the brewers and their customers are of no more public concern than the relations of a wholesale grocer and the man on the next corner who sells you a pound of coffee. You don't care how much money the retail grocer owes the jobber, and modern commercialism holds that it is none of your business; neither is it considered your affair whether the wholesale grocer has set the retailer up in business; neither is it considered your business who owns the lease of the retailer's premises.

I recognize fully the fact that people in general have the idea firmly fixed in their heads that the liquor business is guided and should be directed by a very different code than that which applies to other mercantile enterprises; but if you adopt the same standards as rule elsewhere, what business is it of the public if the brewer and the retailer make deals of their own as to leaseholds, loans and credits, always provided that the city treasury gets its license money and the retailer obeys the letter and spirit of the law?

Tendency Toward Trust.

I am not here defending conditions, but am analyzing them. It cannot be denied that the tendency in all retail mercantile enterprises is toward the formation of trusts. It is not so many months ago that the retail grocers of Los Angeles formed a trust "in restraint of trade," to prevent price-cutting. The retail grocers went so far as to try to prevent one grocer, George A. Ralphs, from buying staples, because he would cut prices. And it is not a week since the Sun Drug Company of this city brought action against local wholesale druggists for refusal to sell certain patent medicines. The wholesalers are members of the National Wholesalers' Association, and the retailers are members of the National Association of Retail Druggists, and both of these organizations are banded together in war against price-cutters. The local bakers understand each other very thoroughly, and the latest thing to rise to the surface is a milk combine. So if there is a license trust, it has been brought into being by precisely the same conditions that have brought forth other combinations.

Mrs. Hatterson—I didn't see you at the lecture on "The Simple Life."

Mrs. Catterson—Why, no; I had no idea it was going to be such a swell affair.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Rockefeller's Railroads.

The daily press exhibited painful surprise last Wednesday morning in announcing that the Standard Oil interests, represented by E. H. Harriman, were likely to control the Santa Fe railroad—if indeed the coup had not already been accomplished. Two months ago, when President Ripley was in Los Angeles, he admitted that on account of the large

purchase of Atchison stock by John D. Rockefeller and his friends, the Rockefeller interests would be represented on the board of directors, and now the representatives have been selected in H. H. Rogers and H. C. Frick. That's all—at present. But as I pointed out last week, it is only the entering wedge and "A 'Corner' in Pacific Railroads" is apparently inevitable. For some years we were sanguine enough to believe that the Salt Lake railroad would be a formidable competitor to the Southern Pacific, and the anti-Octopus orators aroused us to such great enthusiasm at the prospect that we almost began to regard William A. Clark as a Moses. Everyone rejoices at the opening of the Salt Lake road, but the joy is discounted by the knowledge that the new road is controlled by the same hand that guides the destinies of the Southern Pacific. It will be a sorry day when the actual control of the Santa Fe passes to the same monopolistic hand—but what are we going to do about it? When Mr. Harriman completes his scheme of controlling the Pacific railroads there will be 30,706 miles of road, representing a capital of nearly two billion dollars, under his direction, while the total of the railway systems dominated by the Rockefeller interests is estimated at mileage of 72,740, and stocks and bonds of nearly four billion dollars. The contemplation of the country's entire transportation system being controlled by one individual, or one set of individuals, alarms a great many people. But those who believe that the railways of the country eventually will pass into the control, and then the ownership, of the Federal Government, regard the concentration with equanimity. When Mr. Rockefeller owns every interstate railroad in the country it will be much easier for the United States to make terms with one individual than with a score of corporations controlled by a score of individuals. Furthermore, the concentration of such enormous power in the hands of one man, or set of men, will inevitably lead to such abuses and to such complaint that the demand for the Government ownership of railroads will be almost universal.

So Bashful.

There is certainly something wrong with the politicians. Frank Flint told me recently that he had not received an application for any Federal appointment above that of bailiff. Leo Youngworth has been told by Senator Flint that he can have any position in the Senator's gift. I judge that this means that Marshall H. Z. Osborne will either start a new paper at the end of his term or develop his gold mines in Trinity county.

Frank Flint's Digestion.

Senator-elect Frank Flint leaves for Washington on the 23rd inst. to prepare himself for his new duties. I imagine that it will be high time for the popular statesman to be delivered from his friends, who are threatening to kill him with kindness. "The hardest part of this Senatorial business so far," said he the other evening, "is the almost overwhelming kindness of my friends, who insist on banqueting



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me on every possible or impossible occasion. Naturally, I thoroughly appreciate the great compliment, but it's getting to be a trifle rough on the liver." And it is not only in Los Angeles that every other man you meet is anxious to banquet the new Senator. Invitations have been pouring in upon him for all parts of the State, and he is accepting just as many as possible—which, of course, cannot be more than one a night.

Scared at Itself.

Some valuable sidelights on the preposterous extravagance of the present Legislature were cast in the Record the other evening by its able Sacramento correspondent, A. S. Petterson. Even the members themselves, with the enormous and dangerous majority of 112 out of 120 behind them, have become scared at their own misdoings and some of them "are busy making plans to 'redeem' themselves." Mr. Petterson sets out his facts in unmistakable array. The daily pay roll for the Assembly, which in Republican caucus was fixed at \$800 a day, amounts now to nearly \$1,250. And all precedents of junketing prodigality have been distanced. Perhaps the most colossal instance of shameless spending of the people's money is that instanced by Mr. Petterson, "When the Assembly committee on commerce and navigation visited San Pedro harbor to inspect the work there being done by the U. S. Government." The junketing committee made a written report that "the Government was doing fine work at San Pedro," and annexed to the report a demand for \$964, expenses for the trip! Can that be beaten in legislative archives for impudent wantoness?

Lighting Broadway.

The merchants and property-owners of Broadway are certainly to be congratulated on the solution of their lighting dilemma. The Broadway Boulevard Improvement Association spent \$14,000 on their chain of 135 ornamental posts. After the posts had been erected they discovered that it would cost them \$900 a month to use them. That figure was thought to be so entirely exorbitant that the association began to figure on installing an independent lighting plant. Apparently, however, they did not figure very long, for last Monday they went to the City Council and asked to be relieved of the burden of lighting, "giving our system of ornamental posts to the City of Los Angeles." The City Council accepted the offer and will pay the same figure, \$900 a month, for the lighting as was tendered by the lighting company to the association. Now, I am not arguing that what is good for the merchants and property-owners of Broadway is not good for the whole city, but the contemplation of the fact that what was an exorbitant figure for the Broadway Improvement Association is a reasonable figure for the City of Los Angeles is distinctly startling. Will the merchants of Spring street, Main street and Hill street show similar enterprise; and if they do so, how can the City Council overlook the precedent that it has established in Broadway's favor? Of course, the equitable method would be to assess the property-owners who get the direct benefit of the special illumination, and there is now a bill before the Legislature providing for such assessment districts. One of the daily newspapers—four out of the five are situated on Broadway and will receive direct

benefit from the City Council's generosity—assures its readers that "if this bill passes, the relief now sought from the City Council will be needed only temporarily." I hope so.

Should Investigate.

I sincerely hope that before Governor Pardee makes any appointments to the Superior bench in this county he will either make a personal investigation on his own account or send for the opinion of some disinterested personal friend, like Henry W. O'Melveny, in whose judgment he has implicit trust. There has been a most unseemly scramble for place on the part of some of the aspirants—a scramble resembling a political contest for a councilmanic nomination. I don't think that a man who has worked his "political influence" for all that is in it, as, for instance, William M. Bowen, has any business on the bench. The appointments should go to those whose qualifications are the best recommendation—not to those who can swing any corporation, or pull any political wire, or get a horde of workers on the field to induce lawyers to write to the governor.

At the end of January Mrs. Wunder brought her nice new expense book to her husband.

"I can figure up my January balance all right," she said, "but I'm either \$19.05 behind or ahead. I remember what all the other items are for, but I can't recall whether I spent that \$19.05 for something or you gave it to me for household expenses."

Mr. Wunder looked at the page for a moment, then handed back the book with a condescending air.

"My dear," he said, "that 1905 seems to me to indicate what year this is."—Judge.

The Candidates.

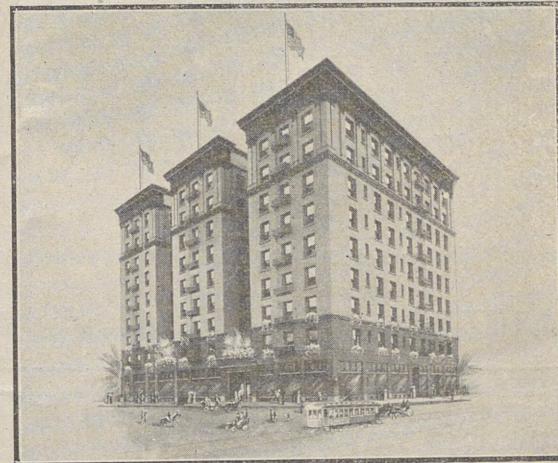
Those who have been mentioned as candidates for places on the bench are: Charles Monroe, Walter Bordwell, H. J. Goudge, L. R. Works, W. P. James, James C. Rives, C. C. Bowen and William M. Bowen. Of the eight Goudge and Monroe should certainly be appointed. Monroe is suited to the bench and has the qualifications that one expects in a judge. Goudge is splendidly equipped for the bench. Temperamentally, by education and by instinct, he belongs there. Bordwell is a man of heroic grit, of excellent attainments and clear judicial mind. W. P. James is a strong man in every particular. L. R. Works's chief claim to fame is his decision in the Belasco-Morosco case. Jim Rives doesn't belong on the bench and his appointment would be a fitting climax to his career as district attorney.

Mission Road Deathtrap.

I wonder how many more wagons must be smashed, how many more horses injured, how many more human lives must be placed in jeopardy before the official slow coaches at the city hall will move the machinery that will result in widening Mission Road. Scarcely a week passes but that four or five vehicles are not smashed into smithereens. The Pacific Electric, to meet the demand for rapid transit to Pasadena, San Gabriel and Monrovia, hurls its heavy cars through the road at a rate of 30 to 50 miles an hour. Yet there is scarcely room for a wagon between the rails and the curb line. The only wonder is that there are no more smash-ups considering that the Mission Road is the main thoroughfare to the northeast.

The delay in the city hall is little short of criminal.

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Months ago I promised my friend Nofziger that I would forgive lots of his sins if he would help to widen the road. McAleer, then councilman, joined with Nofziger. The Pacific Electric was only too willing to assist, and I can see why, for no railroad likes to have a perpetual menace of damage suits. The

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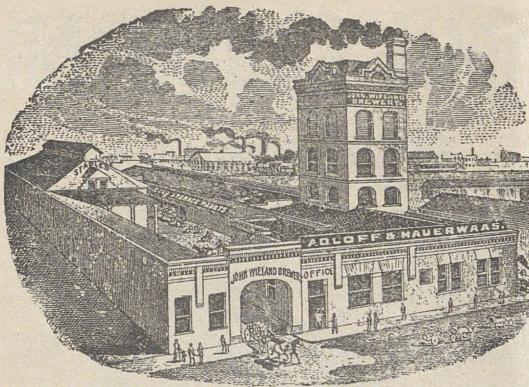
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opposition of the Southern Pacific was allayed—the S. P. will have to give up some land to the widening and its crossing with the Mission Road will need more attention. The needful ordinance was passed. And now the widening is tied up by red tape somewhere in the city hall. It's useless to try to find out who is responsible. City officials will "pass" when responsibility is broached. Get busy, gentlemen, and widen that street. You are morally responsible for each smash-up that occurs on the road.

Moral Suasion.

Frank Finlayson has announced his temperance program in the Herald. Finlayson favors moral suasion and education of the young; and he is distinctly not in favor of the extreme program that some agitators are stirring to promote. Finlayson is a level-headed lawyer, who has seen the folly of the abuse of alcohol and has become identified with Francis Murphy. I suppose that the extremists will not see the advantage of acting on wisdom gained in the fire of experience, and even now I can hear the frothy maledictions that will be directed toward Finlayson.

Murphy's Finances.

Speaking of Francis Murphy reminds me that many wonder who engineers the financing of the Murphy movement and few really know. The reason is that the work is done by a man who in enterprises like this prefers that his left hand shall not know what his right is doing, although there are occasions of a different sort when he will use printer's ink without stint. Murphy's financial agent is Arthur Letts, of the Broadway department store. It is generally known that last winter E. L. Doheny paid the hall rent of Blanchard Hall. Arthur Letts was a heavy contributor to the Murphy fund that year. This season, before the Murphy meetings were announced, Mr. Letts hunted up Francis Murphy and asked him what provision had been made for carrying on the Murphy work; and that includes not only the Blanchard Hall meetings, but the outside work on which Murphy spends seven days a week. Murphy said he didn't know where the funds were coming from. He relied on the good people of Los Angeles to foster the work. "You ought not to be troubled with that," replied Mr. Letts. "How much do you need so that you can put all your time where it will do the most good?" Murphy thought \$2,000 would pay everything—\$2,500 at the outside, and that would include hall rent and his own living expenses and whatever else might arise. "Well, you are authorized to draw on me for \$3,000 during the year," was Mr. Letts's response. "I'll take the money worry off your shoulders—finance your work, if you want to put it that way." And that is how it comes about that public-spirited men and women are being asked very quietly by Arthur Letts to contribute to the Murphy fund. I am told that about \$1,500 remains to be raised for this season.

George Knight's Solace.

George A. Knight was another of the good losers in the late Senatorial contest, for his personal disappointment was very keen. The great impression that his personality and his oratory had made in the East, both at the National Convention and during the campaign, crowning his long term of service for

the Republican party in California, had inspired him with the hope that he would win recognition among his own people. But it was not the North's turn. Now, I am told Mr. Knight regards his experience with equanimity as a "preliminary canter," having fully determined to be a formidable foe to Senator Perkins when the latter next seeks the Legislature's favor. In the meanwhile, George Knight is enjoying himself and stands high in President Roosevelt's good book. He is to speak next Monday evening in New York on "The Republican Party" at the Republican Club's Lincoln banquet, at which the President will be the principal speaker. Knight's friends are confident that the President will seize the first opportunity to reward the eloquent Californian's signal services.

Blackwood Is Prepared.

When Fred Belasco walked into his theater here last week John Blackwood was in the ticket office. Belasco walked in and "went up in the air" as he saw a big six-shooter hanging in a holster under the ticket window, very convenient. "What's the matter, John?" asked Belasco, "are you expecting trouble with anyone?" "No one in particular," replied John, "but since the hold-up men have been busy in this town we prepared for them." Any box office in the city would make rich loot for such men as cleaned out the Beaumont, for when the "count-up" hour comes the lobbies of the theaters are usually empty. Any hold-up man, however, had better take a look at John Blackwood's eyes before he tries the Belasco.

By Variegated Route.

General Manager Schindler, of the Pacific Electric Railway, arrived from San Francisco last Saturday over a new route, which included the Southern Pacific, a buckboard and his own line. He came down on the Owl, which was stalled at Burbank, so he drove from there to Glendale, where he caught one of his own cars and reached the city and his office before the "Owl" rolled into the Arcade depot.

Eyes Elsewhere.

Harry Brook, at the last meeting of the Sunset Club, read a paper deriding the claims of Angelenos to a liking for or knowledge of art. Pat Sheedy, who is notorious as an international gambler, but who should be noted as an art expert in oil paintings, has a Henner on exhibition in a Spring street window. It is a nude. The only people I have seen taking trouble to look at it were a youthful couple, evidently a country lass and youth. The young man stopped, attracted by the flow of curve and tint of flesh, but as soon as the girl saw it she plucked him by the sleeve and said, "Aw, come erlong." I'll venture to say that you who read this have not noticed the picture, yet Henner needs no word to those who know anything about pictures. By the way, Sheedy is one of a half dozen men in the world who have the entre to that painter's studio.

Paintings and Prices.

Sheedy is very frank in his estimate of paintings. He believes he has some of the best in the world, and I think he has, but he said to me recently, "A painting has no more real value than an ace-full. What one gets for them is in proportion largely to

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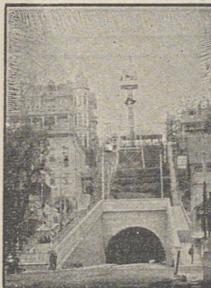
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the impressiveness of the name on the canvass. I often see pictures better painted than those I buy or sell for five figures, pictures I like better, but the poor devils who paint them can't sell them because a very small proportion of people who buy can trust their judgment."

They Buy His Silk.

George O. Richardson, a silk manufacturer of Michigan, is wintering here. Mr. Richardson told me that he has not found a merchant in Los Angeles to handle his products, but that 1,300 women of this city are patrons of his mills. They either club together, or send individual orders, which his concern fills.

Hibbard Is Busy.

Though I. L. Hibbard has been general superintendent of the Santa Fe for nearly two weeks, he has not been in his office once since his appointment. When the road was washed out last week he was in San Francisco, so he hurried to the front, put on rubber boots, and has been in the thick of the mud and water ever since. He got Dan Murphy's Indians out of their wickiups and beat the rain. Dan owns the Indians, but he makes no claim to title to the deluge.

Marco Hellman's Long Hours.

Newspaper men are apt to feel sorry for themselves when they stop to think about their twelve and fourteen hours of work daily. But the poor rich have their kicks as well. But they don't kick. Marco W. Hellman, who is the manager of the Herman Hellman building, has not left his office since the edifice was opened any night before 11 o'clock, and he is at his desk early every morning. There is no difference between the working hours of most of the rich and the poor workers. The difference comes in the results.

From Newsroom to Mining.

John Daggett, the railway reporter of the "Times," will cut away from newspapering and try his hand at searching for mines, going through the country southeast from the Bull Frog district. Daggett is a first-class reporter, but he has seen the folly of that life from a material point of view. Being a keen, active, honest fellow, he has secured financial backing in his venture. I predict that he will make more money in a year outside of reporting than he has for five years past.

The first life insurance policy of which the details are on record resulted in a lawsuit. William Gybbons insured himself on June 15, 1583, for 383 pounds against dying in twelve months; he did die on May 18 of the next year—and the disgusted underwriters (the company of those days) contested payment on the plea that he had lived twelve months of twenty-days each.

For Fay and Fra.

Mrs. Drake Ruddy is a woman of original ideas, and by no means submits to the servitude of conventional routine in her entertaining. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ruddy are "independents" in their religion and belong, I believe, to the Unitarian Church. In the midst of the prayerful assault led by the visiting evangelists for the soul and salvation of B. Fay Mills, it seems to have occurred to Mrs. Ruddy that the "Fellowship" leader and his wife might need a little reereation. And so Mr. and Mrs. Ruddy summoned to their delightful home on Wilshire Boulevard last Wednesday evening some score of kindred spirits to indulge in "Conversation," and to alleviate the burden that has fallen on B. Fay Mills's broad shoulders. Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Hubbard

were also conspicuous among the Ruddys' guests on Wednesday evening, and Fra Elbertus, who in his day has himself received considerable attention from the church militant, was able to sympathize with the ex-evangelist, "convert" or "pervert," as you please. By the way, I should like to hear an exposition of the text "Judge not that ye be not judged" from some of the revivalists who are so tearfully anxious for the "conversion" of B. Fay Mills. Despite the awful harvest that Messrs. Mills and Hubbard must eventually reap, according to the prognostications of those who disagree with them, I hear they enjoyed themselves immensely at Mrs. Ruddy's, and the spirits of the rest of the company were much illuminated by the evening's converse—in fact, as one of those present assures me, "We had a little revival meeting of our own."

Vaudeville by the Sea.

Winfield Hogaboom, a well-known figure in local newspaperdom for the last dozen years, is stirring things up at San Pedro. About eighteen months ago "Hogey" forsook the desk of the Herald's Sunday editor to embark in the theatrical business. For a year he was press agent of the Orpheum and also business manager of the Grand Opera House, but there wasn't enough printer's ink around the premises to satisfy his depraved taste, and he gave up the job. After doing some valuable press work for Frank Flint during the Senatorial campaign, Hogaboom espied a good opening in a daily newspaper at San Pedro, and for some months now has been enlivening the harbor town with his vigorous policies and his humor. But even the cares of a daily newspaper are not enough for "Hogey." In partnership with Leo Wells, who is well known here first as one of Len Behymer's gentlemanly ushers and later as the treasurer of the Grand, Hogaboom has started a temple of vaudeville at San Pedro. Hogaboom and Wells, I hear, intend to enlarge their field and contemplate opening vaudeville houses at Long Beach and Santa Monica.

"The Bunch" for John Mott.

John G. Mott, whose bachelor days are now numbered, is to be given a "send-off" by the "Bunch" and other friends of the popular groom-to-be. The festivities will be in the form of a farewell bachelor dinner at the Angelus Hotel next Friday evening. There are few men in this community who have attained more general or more deserved popularity than John Mott, and few men who bear their early honors with as modest grace. Mr. Mott has won the hand of one of Los Angeles's fairest and most accomplished daughters, Miss Lila Fairchild, who, if one may judge by the amount of entertaining that is being done in her honor, enjoys as large a share of popularity as her fiance, which is saying a great deal. "The Bunch" which will yield John Mott regretfully but gracefully is to be led by another distinguished Mott—Flint.

Brown, the Profit Sharer.

A. L. Brown, the merchant who was first on the Pacific Coast to introduce profit sharing with his employes as a feature of his business, has gone on a European tour. Mr. Brown will be away perhaps for a year and a half, and in the meantime the "Hub" will continue to revolve under the manage-

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ment of the employes, with Jack Hammer as chief steersman. Personal acquaintance with Mr. Brown—which, by the by, I value highly—has given me more than passing interest in this profit-sharing experiment. When Mr. Brown was about to leave he said to me: "I don't think that I ever undertook anything in my business career which has been more satisfactory both from a financial and a personal standpoint. Profit sharing with the employes has fixed the men with the institution, has made each and all energetic in bringing the best results. So pleased am I, that many of the men have become stockholders in the Hub. I got the idea of profit sharing from a similar proposition instituted by Andrew Carnegie. I am convinced that if other mercantile institutions would adopt the same policy they would find the returns more than satisfactory." Before going away Mr. Brown gave a theater party at the Belasco for his employes and fellow profit sharers, and followed that with a supper at the Cafe Bristol.

"Society Woman."

Again society and club life in Los Angeles have merged into each other so that it requires nice discrimination to tell just where one ends and the other commences, writes my club correspondent. The reception at Cunnoch Hall Tuesday evening was without question a brilliant social affair, and those in attendance are for the most part acknowledged to be prominent in the fashionable world; yet it was given by club women, for club women, and was a feature of the Federation session which was held here this week. Mrs. George Law Smith, who occupied the

chair at the Federation meeting, is a woman who figures largely in the social life of San Francisco when she is not traveling abroad, and many others who came here to attend the annual gathering, divide their time between social and club matters. Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, who for years has been a leading club woman of the coast, and was first president of the State Federation, made a plea before the literary section of the Temple Union, the other evening, for the term "Society Woman." "All that degrades the home and breaks hearts," she said, "is laid upon the society woman. The fact is, the society woman is never so happy as when, with her little ones gathered around her, she is at her own fireside. She fails when she does not maintain the standard of her home." That was very well said, and it sounds pleasantly like Mrs. Burdette, besides. As everybody knows, she has become less and less active in club life, because her home and church duties demand more of her time than formerly. However, Mrs. Burdette has showed much interest in the present session of the Federation.

Distinguished Visitors.

Among Northern women who have been most cordially welcomed to Los Angeles, as delegates to the Federation, is Mrs. Charles N. McLouth, who spent some time here the latter part of last year. She knows how to make friends, and her wide knowledge of club matters renders her very companionable to those interested along the same lines. In connection with the visit of Mrs. McLouth it might be mentioned that the Hobson family, to which the hero of the Merrimac belongs, is well represented in Los Angeles just now. Mrs. McLouth is an aunt of Captain Hobson, while Rev. Tilman Hobson, D. D., now assisting in the great revival campaign which is capturing Los Angeles, is a cousin of the officer.

The Mayor's Conviction.

The Federation considered it something of a distinction to be the first body welcomed by the new Mayor of Los Angeles, and according to his own testimony he also felt honored at the opportunity which the women afforded him. I hear the Mayor sat up late one night and chewed the points of three good pens while trying to think just what he could say to please the ladies most. This is what he did say: "I have always felt, and faithfully believe, that the presence of women has made the world better and stronger!" That is a noble sentiment, expressed, I take it, after careful deliberation, concerning what the world was when there were only men, and they had to go about with holes in their hose and soggy muffins for breakfast. Thank you, Mayor, we are glad we came.

Mrs. Cowles's Election.

Southern California carried off the laurels of the State Federation this week, and there is general rejoicing among the club women here over the election. When the Southern clubs determined that it was their turn to control the executive office, they went about the matter in a businesslike way, selecting Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles as the most likely candidate to place before the convention. When her election was announced last Wednesday there was applause such as could mean only that even the Northern women, who had come here determined to

stand by Mrs. George Law Smith, joined in the general good feeling created by the choice of a president who is universally popular. From the time the nominating committee met at the beginning of the session there was suppressed excitement, and while the friendliest feeling existed between the Northern and Southern delegations, it was understood that each set of representatives would stand firmly for its own candidate. From the first, Mrs. Smith professed indifference whether her name was placed on the ticket or not, but it was understood that she would concede to the wishes of her supporters and permit her nomination, if it were insisted upon. I understand that it was not until Tuesday evening that the Northern women decided to subordinate their wishes to those of the Southern delegates for the present. Then, perceiving that there was a strong sentiment in favor of Mrs. Cowles's election, they permitted their candidate to withdraw. When the nominations were read Wednesday morning it was found that the names of both Mrs. Cowles and Mrs. Smith were before the convention, and as each was read there was vigorous applause. Later, however, the chairman announced that Mrs. Smith had withdrawn. The new presiding officer is a woman of marked abilities, and has had wide experience in the field of woman's club work. She is well liked and will be welcomed by every club in the State. Probably no woman of the West has had a wider experience in club work. To Southern California, also, falls the honor of the vice-presidency, Mrs. Edgar Germain, of Pomona, having been elected to that office.

The North's Foresight.

Much regretted by the Southern club women is the fact that the amendment making the term of office two years instead of one was voted down. This means that if California is to be represented by a Southern state president at the next General Federation Mrs. Cowles must be elected for a second term. It was the hope of many that this change in the by-laws might be made, the argument being advanced that the president should have a year's experience as such before the biennial, and a year in office after that meeting, in order that she might apply for the good of her State the results of the General Federation. Under the circumstances the North may yet get its presidential representation at the general

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meeting; and viewing the situation from this standpoint, it is not hard to see why the women from Northern California could relinquish with such good grace their determination to see Mrs. Smith placed again in the chair. The Southern women doubtless will make a strong fight to keep Mrs. Cowles in office for two terms, but they probably will be asked to remember that the Northern delegation stepped aside for them before and expects similar courtesy in return.

The young woman shopper who had spent all her small change stepped into a cigar store and asked the clerk to change a \$5 bill. He consented. She turned and reached to her waist, where for safety she had concealed the bills. Then without a word of explanation she hurriedly left the store. The clerk thinks she was crazy. She wasn't. She was the victim of a button-down-the-back shirt waist.

What the Century Says.

To "I" and "II": The Century dictionary gives the pronunciation of "sachet" as "sa-sha," with a short in the first syllable, a long in the second syllable, and the accent on the second syllable. The accent in the word "address" is placed on the second syllable whether the word be used as a verb or a noun.

To "Hotel Critic."

Come out in the open and sign your name. A bushwhacker never won a fight worth winning; moreover, to stay in ambush under the circumstances you allege is cowardly.

Will Lott's Arrival.

Will Lott's advent into the musical world of Los Angeles is to be observed with a reception given by the Treble Clef Club, the organization which he is to direct. I'll own that I am glad to see Will Lott here, not only on account of his sterling personal qualities, but because men as talented as he in getting results from a body of singers are few and far between. Mr. Lott arrived from Columbus about the first of the month, and before he left that place he was given a send-off lasting for days that would gladden any man's heart. Every mercantile and political and musical organization had a share in the banquets and receptions that were accorded to Mr. Lott. Columbus is a burg of perhaps 175,000 people—about as big as Los Angeles—and has more real musical taste than Los Angeles. I am blessed if I know a single man in this town whose departure would occasion as much general regret as did Mr. Lott's departure from Columbus. I expect him to become one of the strongest men, musically, that Los Angeles has ever had within its borders.

Miss Freebey's Ambition.

Sometimes I think that Southern California women are more ambitious and gritty, even, than the men. A clever and talented pianist, a friend of mine, Miss Grace Freebey, has branched out as business manager of the "Sunny Southland" trio, which consists of Frances Aylsworth, violin; Mme. Von Grofe-Menasco, 'cello; Ethel Pearl Mitchell, cornet, and Grace Adele Freebey, pianist. The trio announces that it can furnish the best three-piece music in Los Angeles for receptions, musicales, luncheons, weddings and the like. The trio has appeared at the Brownson House reception and on the State Federa-

tion program and will appear at the Treble Clef's reception to Mr. Lott. Miss Aylsworth is the star violin pupil of Edwin Clark, and Miss Mitchell is one of the finest cornetists in the South. She is now a pupil of De Mitriss, Ellery's cornet soloist. Miss Freebey has few equals as a pianist, and the trio ought to be a success, artistically and financially.

"The True Napoleon."

Charles Josselyn, of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, about fifty-five, but looking ten years less, has long been known as a nimrod, an Izaak Walton, a bon vivant, a skilful entertainer, and a jolly good fellow. It has always been known by some of his chosen comrades that Josselyn was an authority on new books, as well as old ones; and that his opinion on the new novels of the day was a thoroughly expert one. But few Bohemians were aware of the fact that the rotund Charley had long made a study of the character—the true inwardness, one might say—of Napoleon Bonaparte, and that he had visited Corsica, St. Helena, Waterloo and other battlefields—not for incidents, which have been so profusely drawn upon by all other contributors to Napoleonic literature—but for psychological and other features that might enrich his mind while preparing a volume about the "Little Corporal" which should trespass on no other author's diagnosis or production. It is not, therefore, saying too much to state that Mr. Josselyn's "The True Napoleon" is one of the best books of the day, being not only exceedingly interesting but highly instructive and historically accurate. Mr. Josselyn's other volume, "My Favorite Bookshelf," betrays the same spirit of perusal, investigation and consideration that prompted the clever Bohemian author in the pursuit of his more pretentious, more arduous and more responsible work. As an eclectic offering, "My Favorite Bookshelf" ranks with the best of that class that may be read fully and carefully or at random. In other words, the volume may be taken up just as "Prue and I," "Pickwick," "Noctes Ambrosianae," and Irving's Sketches at any time, year in and year out.

Gillilan Amuses Himself.

Strickland W. Gillilan, the sunshine and awkwardness man of the "Baltimore American," and once with the Los Angeles Herald, is busy on his new lecture that he will use next season, and says of it: "It's so funny that very often while I'm writing at it I get to laughing so I can hardly operate the machine. The lecture will be called 'Out of the High Grass.' It will last about one hundred minutes. I'm not saying how long the audience will last. A lecture that can't outlast the audience is not sufficiently durable to be sprung in these strenuous times. It's going to be teetotally different from anything else that was ever written or delivered. So am I. I will speak so distinctly. Anyone in the audience can hear all he wants to of it, and more. It will have definitions in it—new definitions of old things. It will have a dog, a horse, some hogs, a calf, a baby and other live stock in it. It will tell you things you thought nobody else ever knew but yourself, and that you would never have put it into a lecture if you had been writing it. It might have a tear in it in places, to say nothing of real, man's size thoughts. And it's going to be wonderfully

natural, both in building and delivery. It will tickle you half to death, I hope, and send the audience home wondering whether they've been buncoed into taking a sermon in a sugar-coated pill of fun, or whether they have just had an evening of fun sweetened with a little of the extract of sermonly philosophy. I'm sure I don't know which it is myself. But I know it's made out of the very happiest love for the whole human race and a desire to do people good —yes, awfully good."

Jeff Knows How It Feels.

Jim Jeffries has been receiving the commendation of Southern people for his refusal to meet the negro heavyweight Jack Johnson. In reply Jeffries has been telling his admirers that he is still carrying bruised knuckles from coming in contact with the head of Bob Armstrong, the colored boxer, in a fight several years ago, and declares that the latter's head was as hard as rock. Jeff refers to the affair in the Lenox A. C. when he could not stop Armstrong in ten rounds and then refused to meet old Steve O'Donnell because he declared that he had injured his thumb.

Value of Repose.

Here is some sound common-sense from Kate Masterson, the brilliant "matinee girl" of the New York Dramatic Mirror: "The nervously chatty woman nowhere wastes more vitality than at the dressmaker's. She talks from the moment a fitting begins until she has been through all the stages and is making staccato adieu to Madame at the door. That is a mighty reason why women dread the ordeal of a visit to the dressmaker's. It isn't the dressmaker who tires us. We tire the dressmaker and ourselves. And we do it by long, loud, unnecessary and quite extraneous talking."

Schumacher Studio Reopened.

This studio, which for the past six months has been leased to Mr. J. M. Appleton, of New York, will be reopened by its former owner, Mr. Schumacher, who has for the past twenty years conducted this world-renowned studio on the highest artistic principles, having received medals and awards at Paris Exposition, World's Fair and various other expositions where work was entered in competition. This studio will be reopened with many new designs and ideas gained from a recent extended trip throughout the United States. It will be conducted as heretofore, making highest grade photographic portraiture. Former patrons and friends will be cordially received at the old stand.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing by and between George Whitehead and F. P. Ebinger as blacksmiths, at 650 San Pedro street, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, under the firm name of Whitehead & Ebinger, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent of the said partners, said F. P. Ebinger continuing said business at said location, and he is authorized to collect all accounts due said co-partnership and will pay all indebtedness against the same.

Dated this 6th day of February, 1905.

F. P. EBINGER,
GEO. WHITEHEAD.

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:

I have heard nothing of you for so long a time I begin to think that you must have been all washed away during these recent "lovely rains." The city streets enjoyed for a few weeks quite a Venetian appearance, minus the picturesque gondolier, who, I assure you, was really needed on Figueroa street. One of my small boys made a tidy little sum of pocket money one very bad day by riding timorous females and elderly gentlemen across a swollen crossing on the back bars of his tricycle. It was rather a neat idea, and worthy of his Scotch forefathers, to charge a nickel a passenger, for a whole afternoon, wasn't it? He was terribly indignant at a big woman, who not only bent down his bar but had the impudence to kiss his fat little rosy cheek, and explained to his admiring friends on his return that he "felt like charging her twenty-five cents for being so fresh." As a consequence of this muddy hold-up there has been a decided lull in the shopping district, though, of course, the half-emptied stores give one an excellent opportunity to see to the best advantage all the pretty new things that are being opened up for the coming of spring.

In Coulter's I had a delightful time looking through the new coats and cloaks. The very newest coats for spring are nearly all made of black silk, taffeta, raw silk or "Rajah." They are daintily trimmed with Oriental facings in green or golden velvet, while instead of being the loose-backed shapeless garments of a year ago nearly every one is made to fit the waist in a dear old-fashioned style, reminiscent of one's maiden aunts of long ago. These black silk coats, half and three-quarter length, with braided or velvet trimmed backs, are generally lined with white satin and cunning braid bindings in Oriental shades. With great big puffed sleeves and neat waist lines slanting down in front, they are exceedingly becoming and stylish. Coulter's has a magnificent stock of out-door wraps at present, and nearly all are of light-weight shimmering silk. You can select a perfect beauty for fifty dollars, and of course they soon get picked over, as the choicest go first.

Suits for Spring

Our exhibit of Women's Suits comprises the choicest novelties obtainable in the world's style centers, and many of them cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

One of the new suits is of blue and white mixed imported mohair, long fitted coat and pleated skirt, Price.....\$48.50



**Coulter
Dry Goods Co.**

317-325 S. Broadway

Now, my dear child, having provided you with an up-to-date coat, allow me to trot you off to the Boston Store and show you what's doing in the fashionable summer goods. In the first place, you must understand that the "Foxy Summer Girl" this year will wear nothing but the finest, sheerest of materials, and if she knows "what is what" she will buy at the Boston, and ask for them in her very best French. She will be shown a delicate fabric in every shade called "Toile d'Arraigne," likewise "Toile d'Avaigne," "Crepe de Paris," "Chiffon Mer," "Popline de Soie," and "Maribeaus." These dainty things come in suit patterns at so much "per," and as a rule only admit of one pattern each. I unearthed the secret from the buyer's soul that for this season at least blues of all shades were to be the leading color worn. Browns still hold bravely to the front, and the Irish may also have their emerald inning, but to be just on top wear a silk "Benzaline de Paris" in cadet blue and have your skirt as many yards wide as the law and your pocketbook allow. I saw some darling little fine checks and tartan patterns that seemed to me would make up into very swagger costumes. Indeed, all the new dress materials in the Boston Store are more than ever attractive this opening season.

Hurrah for the sunshine! We are back to glorious days again and I hope young Hatfield has retired to bed with a gripe of his own making. So very soon we will be seeing some of the cool and airy summer wash goods on our streets, adorning our pretty buds and handsome matrons. If anyone has a craving to see the newest thing in this line, let her hie herself to the Ville de Paris. There she may revel in a selection of the sweetest things in light material that one could desire. Silk grenadines, in dainty maple leaf design and open-worked backgrounds; cotton foulards, a dangerously good imitation of the silks of that name; real Irish dimities, with rosebuds and violet pattern, refreshingly cool and girlish-looking, and a new thing altogether in a crepe Eolienne, a perfect wash goods, that looks exactly like unto a fine crepe cloth. As usual, these dear, dainty things in the Ville de Paris are Frenchy and very chic, and I discovered that the prices are this season particularly moderate; you can select a lovely summer gown for 25 or 30 cents yard, wide and very much "up-to-date." One needs so many gowns to carry through a long summer season that it is just as well to commence "picking things up" early in the year.

Your affect. friend,

Figuero St., Feb. 9.

LUCILLE.

Valentines

"Such words as lovers write
When hearts are young and
happiness in sight."

Designs were never prettier, nor
a-sortment more complete; and the
custom of sending these dainty
missives is too good to be outgrown.

See our window display!

**FORD SMITH &
LITTLE COMPANY**

313 S. Broadway



Over The Teacups

"If the height of hospitality is simplicity," remarked a prominent woman of local society to me the other day, "then we in Los Angeles are rapidly descending to the depths. I never remember a season," she continued, "when there was so much going on and such 'brilliant functions'—I think you newspaper people call them—as during the last few weeks. But I do very much regret to see the decline of simple hospitality and that elaborate entertainments are taking its place. Besides, there is no longer anything distinctively Southern Californian about our festivities. We ape the Easterners, and too frequently what is entirely appropriate in New York is absurdly out of place in Los Angeles. There is very little home entertaining here now in comparison with the old days. I suppose we are putting on metropolitan airs—and we have a right to them—but it seems to me a pity that we should so wilfully obliterate all traces of the old-time hospitality, which was the best in the world. Of course, nowadays one's calling acquaintance is very large, so large that if one feels bound to entertain all one's acquaintances one must hire a hall, since no home is large enough for them all, and it's far less bother to discharge all one's social obligations at a single function than on the instalment plan. Still, when entertaining one's friends becomes a question of the least bother there must be something wrong about the system. And with this semi-public mode of entertaining inevitably comes the necessity—at least it seems to be such to most hostesses—of not being outdone by the last or the next hostess. Then it comes to be a contest of vieing with each other in the elaboration of decorations and prodigality of refreshments. And most onerous of all is the matter of dress. Women never spent anywhere near as much money in dress as they are spending this season, and, of course, it becomes a temptation to wear a more expensive costume than your neighbor and not to be seen in the same one as often. Two or three leaders could do much if they would to correct some of these things; but for this season, at all events, I

New Spring Shoes for Women

Spring Models in women's footwear are already beginning to arrive. These are the selected styles from the best makers in the country. You will be delighted with the new ideas.



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258 S. Broadway 231 W. Third

Reliable Goods Popular Prices

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DRY GOODS

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New White Waists

The advance styles for spring are just being opened and they are pretty beyond compare. Made after entirely new models—new shoulder effect, blouse back, full fronts, new mode of decorating, new leg-o-mutton sleeve—a sleeve that possesses three valuable features, style, beauty and comfort.

There are Lawns, India Linens, Linens, Madras, Cheviots and Fancy Nets. Lace and embroidery edgings and insertions are employed for trimmings, as are many hand embroidered designs on fronts, collars and cuffs. Prices begin at \$1.25 and go up.

fear we are committed to extravagance, and extravagance is too often apt to be vulgarity and worse."

I hear that Mrs. J. B. Lankershim will adopt Paris as her home, spending a large part of the year there. Mrs. Lankershim, with her daughter, left Los Angeles the first of the year and has arrived in London. Should Los Angeles lose Mrs. Lankershim permanently, one of the most stylish women of the coast will have left us. There are those who remember that a few years ago she was considered the best dressed woman in this city. A daughter of Mrs. Duriah Jones and a sister of Mark Jones, the county treasurer, Mrs. Lankershim is connected with one of the wealthiest families in California, and has, I be-

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CORRECTIVE CORSET MAKER
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AGENT FOR THE WADE CORSET
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THAT CORSETS and SUPPORTS in stock and make to order anything you desire from a CORRECTIVE GIRDLE to an Up-to-date PARISIAN CORSET. I make THE ABDOMINAL SUPPORT that develops the Chest and reduces the Abdomen.

lieve, a fortune in her own right. J. B. Lankershim is engrossed in his new hotel and not in any mood for globe trotting just now. The son, now at Harvard, will graduate next June. Miss Lankershim, who accompanies her mother, is an attractive and accomplished young woman.

The Williams-Johnstone wedding, which took place Wednesday, was of general interest. Mrs. Williams, who was Miss Ethel Johnstone, is a daughter of Mrs. M. M. Johnstone, of West Twenty-seventh street. Her brother, Albert Johnstone, is in business at Staten Island, where the family lived in former years, and there the Johnstones are well known. A sister of the bride, now living at Zanesville, Ohio, was married to a Staten Island man, several years ago, and Mrs. Williams is a personal friend of Isabelle Davenport, of the Island, who is to become the bride of Fowler Shankland, of Los Angeles. Mr. Shankland, by the way, was one of the ushers at the wedding. Others who served in this capacity were Lang C. Easton, Horace Henderson and Charlie Seyler. Mrs. Grant was matron of honor. Curtis Williams, the groom, is a member of the local bar. He and his bride are to reside at 1110 West Twenty-seventh street.

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Hendricks are back again at the Angelus Hotel, after an absence of nearly a year. They formerly made their home at this famous hotel, and since their return to town have been able to find no spot so agreeable to their taste. Under the management of the Loomis Brothers the Angelus is constantly gaining in popularity.

Invitations are out for many brilliant receptions, card parties, and I know not what, to be given before Lent. I suppose one may designate the coming-out party of Gwendolin Laughlin next week as one of the most notable functions in prospect. Miss Laughlin is one of the sweetest girls of the younger set, and has a large circle of friends. It has been arranged that she shall make her debut this spring, and I predict for her a great success in society. The reception at which she will make her formal bow is to be in compliment also to Mrs. Homer Laughlin, Jr., whose wedding was an event of the late winter.

Pasadena society is looking forward to the coming of Mrs. George Pullman, who, it is expected, will arrive there from Chicago in a fortnight. She is to be in Southern California three months at least, and it is expected that she will bring with her her cousin, Mrs. Lorenzo Johnson, and her daughters, Esley and Dorothea. Mrs. Pullman's annual visits to Pasadena are events of moment to the smart set and she will doubtless figure in much of the springtime gaiety both of that place and Los Angeles.

I see that Mrs. W. H. Bradley is at home again after a long absence in Europe. She was away for about eight months, and visited several countries. At present she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. McFie, of 1222 West Twenty-ninth street.

John Mott will drop a farewell tear upon the altar of bachelor life Friday evening, when his friends give a stag dinner for him at the Angelus Hotel. Both Mr. Mott and his fiancee, Miss Lila Fairchild,

are enjoying the complimentary attention of many associates on the eve of their marriage, which will take place the evening of February 28, at the Woman's Club House. Yesterday Mrs. Jefferson Paul Chandler gave a luncheon for Miss Fairchild, and next Thursday evening she will be guest of honor at a theater party arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Patterson. The following day Mrs. Charles Dick and Miss Sada Johnson will give a luncheon for her. Mmes. Albert Llewlyn Cheney, Will Innes and James Doran, who entertained at the Cheney home in honor of Miss Fairchild last Saturday, received a large and fashionable throng in the course of the afternoon. It was a happy thought that prompted them to use pink for their dining-room decorations, for this is the color which will prevail at the wedding, and it was the purpose of the hostesses to suggest as far as possible by appointments of their entertainment the coming event.

Constance Crawley, of the Ben Greet company, is receiving social attention from many local fashionable leaders. She is a charming woman, with an individuality that at once stamps her as a woman of talent, and this was remarked when not long ago she entered the Woman's Club House as guest of the executive board, which had arranged a luncheon for her. Last Sunday 100 women were invited to meet the actress at the Country Club, Mrs. F. R. Frost giving a reception in her honor.

Between the turns at the Orpheum on Monday night last I took turns at the audience; and I said to my escort: "I can tell to a nicey just who can be found at the restaurants after the show is over. I don't mean to say I can tell who will not go, but I can point out who will. I have counted fourteen sealskins and eighteen handsome jackets, without rubbering, and I'll bet if we dropped into the Bristol and Levy's, the Del Monte, the Angelus and the Palace, we could see them all." Of course, my escort could not resist catching me up when I had given him such a good opening, and he quietly asked me if I considered him a Croesus; and I laughingly replied that a half dozen Eastern fry and a glass of beer would set me right, or a cup of coffee and a tamale. By the way, that was a brilliantly frocked audience at the Orpheum on the night alluded to—and the best-dressed woman in the house was a married Jewess a cerise chiffon velvet, trimmed with golden embroidery; although her guest, visiting from San Francisco, had on a pale pink satin gown, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, with rows of silver embroidery, and was a close second. Another lady, in a lower right-hand box, attracted attention from the women in the house, as she had on the newest thing in a Louis coat and white satin vest closed with good-sized rhinestone buttons. There was a smart bud from Pasadena in gray tulle and net spangled in very fine steel spangles; and the newest bride of the week looked joyous in a brown costume and Paris toque. Apropos, were there any eyes that failed to see in a left-hand box a very pretty woman with an oval black toque trimmed at the left, quite close to the front, with pale-blue wings that rose like those of a bird in flight? Surely, seven or eight hundreds pairs of woman's eyes saw that toque.

ANASTASIA

Backus Heaters

A Steam Heater with Gas for Fuel

NO	Odor	NO
Smoke		
Dust		
Ashes		
NO	Flue	NO

Carl Enos Nash
716-18 S. Spring St.

Where Are They?

Mrs. Arthur W. Ballard, of 2121 Park Grove avenue, has returned from a Northern visit.

Miss Inez Moore, of 229 North Grand avenue, has returned from an extended visit in the East.

Mrs. E. J. Bowers, of 1446 Bush street, is entertaining Miss Suzella M. Carter, of Boston.

Elbert Hubbard, during his stay in the city, was the guest of Marshall L. Cooper, at the Hinman.

Mrs. W. K. Boone, of Jalapa, Mex., is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. G. Marmon, of 727 Coronado street.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown, of the Angelus, left Sunday for an extended tour in Europe.

Mrs. Virginia Schumacher and her small son have taken up their residence at 1219 West Twenty-fifth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Congér, of Cleveland, Ohio, who have been visiting friends here have gone to Coronado till March 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Borden, of 2328 South Hone, have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. John H. Saunders, of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bayly, Jr., will leave next week for the East and with Mr. and Mrs. William Bayly, Sr., and Mr. Charles Bayly expect to sail for Europe on the 25th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert S. Wright, of 3077 Wilshire Boulevard, are entertaining Mrs. Wright's sister, Miss Elizabeth C. Attrill, of Goderich, Ont., Canada.

Frank Pixley, the librettist of several of the most popular musical comedies of the last five years, and Mrs. Pixley are at the Hotel Green, Pasadena, for the winter.

Mrs. Joseph Kurtz and Miss Katherine Kurtz have taken possession of their new residence at 1801 Toberman street. They are at home the second and fourth Wednesdays of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Laughlin, Jr., have returned from their honeymoon in Tahiti and are at present the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Laughlin, Sr., at 666 West Adams street. Later they will reside at their new home, corner of Twenty-first and Oak streets.

Dr. E. Ellsworth Bartram

DENTIST

526-528 Trust Building
Second and Spring

Home Tel. 5825

Los Angeles, Cal.

The Hon. William H. Graham, of Pittsburgh, is visiting his sister, Mrs. R. Theophilus, of 822 West Eighteenth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen W. Dorsey have returned from a month's visit at Terres, Mexico, where they were the guests of Col. and Mrs. F. H. Seymour.

Mrs. J. J. Bergin, who recently underwent an operation at the Sisters' Hospital, is rapidly improving, but it will be some time before she is able to leave the hospital.

Mrs. Robert Farquhar, of New York, formerly Miss Marian Jones, of Santa Monica, and tennis lady champion of the United States, is staying at Miramar, her parents' home in Santa Monica.

Charles B. Bergin will leave about February 15 for a tour through the Northwest. After visiting in Utah, Montana and Idaho, he will go by way of St. Louis to New Orleans, arriving on time for the Mardi Gras. Mr. Bergin is going as an "advance agent of prosperity" for the National Convention of the Knights of Columbus, to be held here in June.

Receptions, Etc.

February 4.—Mesdames Albert Llewellyn Cheney, Willard Doran and Will A. Innes; tea for Miss Lila Fairchild.

February 4.—Mrs. C. E. Edwards, 1950 Pennsylvania avenue; for Butterfly Whist Club.

February 4.—Mrs. John E. Plater; dinner at California Club for Miss Ethel Hager, of San Francisco.

February 4.—Mrs. John E. Stearns, St. James' Park; luncheon for Miss Metcalf.

February 4.—Mrs. John McCrea, Glenmary; for Galpin Shakespeare Club.

February 5.—Mrs. F. R. Frost; reception at the Country Club for the Ben Greet Company.

February 6.—Mrs. George B. Dexter, 205 Leoti street; for Sunshine Society.

February 6.—Mrs. Herman W. Hellman, 918 South Hill street; at home.

February 6.—Mrs. C. B. Nichols, 818 Lake street; card party.

February 6.—Mrs. W. G. Sylvester, 2957 Brighton avenue; for Monday Afternoon Euchre Club.

February 6.—Mrs. Katherine Kimball Forest, 1020 West Twenty-third street; for Monday Musical Club.

February 7.—Mrs. William Watson Lovett, 2800 Orchard avenue; cards.

February 7.—Mrs. Louis M. Cole; at home at the Angelus.

February 7.—Miss Eva Francis Pike and Miss Eugenia Hobbs, 2239 West Sixteenth street; for Eschscholtzia Chapter, D. A. R.

February 8.—Mrs. Charles Modini Wood, Santa Monica; luncheon for Miss Lila Fairchild.

February 8.—Mrs. Frank E. Browne and Mrs. Richard A. Cooke, 3219 South Figueroa street; card party.

February 8.—Mrs. M. Francis Van Horn, 536 Lucas avenue; for Aloha Whist Club.

February 9.—Mrs. Benjamin L. Harding, Hotel Pepper; reception.

February 9.—Los Angeles Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy; charity ball at Kramer's.

February 10.—Mrs. Michael J. Connell, 2307 South Figueroa street; reception.

February 10.—Mrs. W. W. Neuer, 843 South Bonnie Brae; for Mrs. J. C. Goodrich.

February 10.—Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle, 1202 Alvarado street; for Thursday night Whist Club.

February 10.—Mrs. Jefferson Paul Chandler, West Twenty-eighth street; luncheon for Miss Lila Fairchild.

February 10.—Miss Georgia Caswell, 865 West Twenty-third street; luncheon for Mrs. Robert Farquhar, of New York, and Mrs. Alfred Sutro, of San Francisco.

Anastasia's Date Book

February 11.—Masters Wilfred McKinley, Harold J. Harrill, George Caswell and William Gibbon; children's dancing party at Kramer's.

February 11.—Mrs. John H. Norton; dance at the Country Club for Miss Lila Fairchild.

February 11.—The Misses Burdette and Ora Wilson and Miss Alma Bradley; Valentine party at Christopher's for the Students' Musical Club.

February 14.—Mrs. J. F. Salyer, Adams and San Pedro street; for Wade Hampton Chapter, U. D. C.

February 14.—Mrs. Hans Jevne, Mrs. Jack Jevne and Mrs. Arthur Braly; dance at Kramer's Hall.

February 14.—Mrs. Seeley W. Mudd, 1139 West Eighth street; for Miss Genevieve Smith, Mrs. Belle V. Tusey, of Louisville, Ky., and Miss Mary Foster, of Boston.

February 15.—Mrs. Horace G. Cafes, 1113 Orange street.

February 15.—Miss Lena Johnson, 734 Coronado street; tea for Miss Lila Fairchild.

February 15.—Mr. and Mrs. William H. Workman, 357 Boyle avenue; for Five Hundred Club.

February 15.—Mrs. Dwight Whiting, Hotel Leighton; luncheon at California Club.

February 16.—Mrs. J. W. McKinley; luncheon at California Club.

February 16.—The Misses Anna and Mary Chapman, 203 North Soto; luncheon for Miss Lila Fairchild.

February 17.—Harvard School students; dance at Cumnock Hall.

February 17.—Charity Ball at Hotel Green, Pasadena.

February 18.—Mrs. Homer Laughlin, 666 West Adams street; for Mrs. Homer Laughlin, Jr., and Miss Gwendolen Laughlin.

February 18.—Miss Annis Van Nuys; tea at the Country Club.

February 18.—Mrs. George A. Caswell, Mrs. Rea Smith, Miss Caswell, 365 West Twenty-third street; reception.

February 21.—Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, 7 Chester Place; card party for Mrs. Thomas M. Spofford of Kansas City.

February 22.—Co. F, 7th Reg., N. G. C.; Washington Anniversary Ball at Armory Hall.

Engagements.

Walter Pomeroy Eaton of New York to Miss Lillian Belle Shemwell.

Wallace Sprague Woodworth to Miss Florence Browne.



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Of course you want the BEST

CLICQUOT

is better than any other champagne, every connoisseur admits that, but, be sure you get the genuine imported direct from France, each bottle of which bears the following label as a guarantee of quality.



A·VIGNIER·C·
SAN FRANCISCO.
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.
BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES

On the Stage and Off

The most interesting feature of the week's theatrical attractions is the appearance of Florence Roberts, "California's leading actress," at the Mason Opera House. Hitherto Miss Roberts, who is under Fred Belasco's management, has always played at the Burbank, but the famous feud between the rival managers, Morosco and Belasco, necessitated her seeking a roof elsewhere, besides plunging the rivals in litigation on her account. "And," says Arthur Warde, who is Miss Roberts's business manager, "the Mason Opera House, Los Angeles's leading theater, is, of course, the proper place for California's leading actress!" I do not wish to quarrel with Miss Roberts's title, and there is no need to, because no other California actress is challenging her right to the title. To my sorrow I confess I have never been one of Miss Roberts's ecstatic admirers, at least in the line of erotic plays with which she was so long identified. Now, however, that Miss Roberts has fallen heir to some of Mrs. Fiske's plays—I suppose her press agent will soon be calling her "the Mrs. Fiske of the West"—I expect to enjoy Miss Roberts's acting much more than in the past. Hardy's story, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," makes a most interesting drama and provides several strong situations for fine emotional shades. Miss Roberts's play for the first three nights of next week, "Marta of the Lowlands," should also be thoroughly interesting.

After hearing about Manager Morosco's box office receipts last Sunday who can blame him for perpetrating such ferocities as "Darkest Russia"? Hundreds of people were turned away from the opening performances, and throughout the week large audiences have been reveling in the plots of Petersburg and the snows of Siberia. The handsome William Desmond is very much in his element as a defiant hero and John Burton provides happy relief in some capital comedy as an American traveler. The real sensation of the play is that the most popular Burbanker of them all, Phosa McAllister, who for many years has been playing grande dames so admirably, earns the hisses of the gallery as the chief villainess of "Darkest Russia".

The return of Edith Lemmert, if only for a brief interval, was welcomed by her numerous friends, who have not had an opportunity to see her on the stage for some years. Miss Lemmert took the part of Antoinette in "The Prisoner of Zenda" at Belasco's this week on very brief notice and gave a clever performance. Anthony Hope's Ruritana romance is given a beautiful setting by Stage Manager Barnum and Mr. Galbraith and Miss Gardiner are thoroughly at home in the princely idyll.

Lewis R. Works's decision in the last Morosco-Belasco controversy has attracted much attention throughout the country. The New York Times regards it as unprecedented and unwarranted, in that it introduced a third party to the suit, which had no right to recognition. The facts of the case are already familiar to readers of the Graphic. Belasco & Mayer sought an injunction to prevent Morosco

from playing any other attraction during the week originally booked by them. It is the basis of the decision that seems to cause so much surprise—that the granting of an injunction closing a theater would discommode the public, whose interest demands that the theater shall be kept open. That the people's interest should be considered at all is as refreshing as it is novel.

The ultra-modern critic assures us that "The Rivals" is "overlong in speech and quite laggard in action". Well, well! I fear it may be some time before the twentieth century gives us a comedy to equal Sheridan's. The only trouble about the performances this week at the Mason is that the two Jeffersons are sons of their illustrious sire, and no more. Miss Ffolliott Page's Mrs. Malaprop was well worth while.

Of all the annual visitors to the Orpheum none is more welcome than Will Cressy, who this week is presenting another delightful playlet of his own, "Town Hall Tonight". It is the best thing that Mr. Cressy has done, and that is saying a good deal. His impersonation of Hip Flitters, the Pooh-Bah of the opery house, is inimitable, and he is well supported by Blanche Dayne. Brilliant acrobatics, eccentric music, and Alcide Capitaine, the model gymnast, supply other features of a very entertaining bill.

In New York they have a managers' association, says the Washington Post, whose principal object is to regulate the criticisms which shall be written of their productions. When one of them has a grievance against a critic a meeting of the association is called and the offensive critic is excluded from the forty-seven theaters under its control upon some convenient pretext. In this way dramatic criticism in Gotham is made to suit the managers, and the public is kept guessing.

Of course, concludes the New York Dramatic Mirror, it might be that if newspapers everywhere should be forced to "whoop up" all theatrical enterprises and prevented from telling the truth about those that call for criticism, the theatrical "business" would prove a wonderful success. And yet there is a suspicion that such a system would not work to anybody's gratification long, and that sooner or later it would be difficult to get the public into any theater on any pretext, or induce it to read theatrical "notices" in the press, except as a matter of amusement that would satisfy the human craving for diversion and suffice without other entertainment.

H. W. Bishop, Morosco's partner in the Majestic Theater in San Francisco and Ye Liberty playhouse in Oakland, has found a way to obviate the defects of stock productions by organizing two companies of players which will alternate at the two houses. This will give double the time to prepare each piece and a chance to select players suited to the parts. Eleanor Gordon, Oza Waldrop, Elsie Esmond, J. H. Gilmour, Landers Stevens and Frank MacVicars will play the leading parts.

A writer in the New York Herald advocates a law to forbid persons in theater audiences from talking

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Week Commencing Monday February 13th

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A New and Original Melodrama in Four
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March 3, Monster Theatrical Benefit
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LAST TIMES OF

**PERFORMANCE
TONIGHT!**

"Darkest Russia"

Week Starting Tomorrow (Sunday Afternoon)
Matinee Saturday also.

The Burbank Stock Company in

"Our Boarding House"

Stuart Robson and William H. Crane's Success:

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone she said,
If she had been flip, she'd have packed up her grip
And gone to the Burbank instead.

Tickled funny bones will be the rule all this week. Nothing
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NOTICE:—March 3rd, look out for the big benefit performance
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Presenting the Best Romantic Drama ever Written

"The Prisoner of Zenda"

Next Week: Commencing Monday Evening Feb. , 13

Sidney Grundy's Greatest Play

"Sowing the Wind"

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audibly except during intermissions. The correspondent cited the case of three women in a theater whose gossip throughout the play caused one person to rise and leave in disgust and marred or destroyed the pleasure of all who sat near them. He declared that theater managers themselves could work a reform in this matter "as easily as they brought about the custom of having women remove their hats" in the theater. Of course, no such law is feasible or wise, but there are, happily, other methods for curbing this annoyance. Prompt complaint to the management will in nine cases out of ten either cause the obstreperous vulgarians to cease their prattle or leave the theater.

Marshall Darrach, who created a most favorable impression here last winter among Shakespearean students, commenced a series of recitals on Thursday evening at the Dobinson Institute, giving "Twelfth Night." Next Thursday evening Mr. Darrach will give "Hamlet," and the following Thursday, the 23d inst., "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. Darrach's work is distinctly scholarly and gives to the student a truer idea of Shakespearean values than the majority of stage performances. This series of recitals, which is given under the auspices of the Dobinson School, has therefore great educational value.

Trusty Tips to Theatregoers

Mason. Florence Roberts continues her engagement for the first three nights of next week in "Marta of the Lowlands." The story is laid in Spain and is one of strong sympathetic interest.

William Collier follows Miss Roberts for the balance of the week and a matinee Saturday in Richard Harding Davis's farce, "The Dictator." A Central American republic supplies the locale of the farce, which everywhere has been voted witty and entertaining. William (no longer Willie) Collier is in the very front rank of America's comedians.

Morosco's Burbank.—Manager Morosco believes that variety is the spice of life and "Darkest Russia" will be succeeded on Sunday by "Our Boarding House," which promises plenty of lively farce, admirably dispensed by John W. Burton and other comedians of the stock company.

Belasco's. One of the best comedies of society written during the last decade or so is Sidney Grundy's "Sowing the Wind." The favorites of Belasco's forces are well cast in the comedy, which will be given its first presentation Monday evening.

Orpheum. Carter de Haven, formerly the "baby" comedian of the Weber and Fields aggregation, assisted by five pretty and clever young women, provides the head-line attraction next week in burlesque, song, dance and travesty. The Prosper quartet of acrobats; John and Bertha Gleason, famous dancers, and James F. Macdonald, a graduate from light opera, are the other newcomers. Will Cressy presents another of his inimitable sketches next week, "The New Depot."

Grand. "The Little Outcast" arrives at the matinee Sunday.

Henry W. Savage's famous English Grand Opera Co. commences a week's engagement at the Mason

Monday, February 20. The operas to be given here will be: "Lohengrin," Monday and Saturday matinee; "Il Trovatore," Tuesday; "Tannhauser," Wednesday matinee; "Carmen," Wednesday evening; "La Tosca," Thursday; "La Boheme," Friday; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci," Saturday evening. Truly a gorgeous feast for all lovers of opera.

Melba should be assured of a splendid audience at the Temple Auditorium next Tuesday evening. The peerless soprano will sing the mad scene from "Lucia," "Ah Fors e Lui" from "La Traviata," and Ardit's waltz song "Se Saran Rose." Manager Ellis sends a strong company of artists in Melba's support, including Sassot, harpist; Van Hoose, tenor; Gilibert, baritone; Llewella Davies, pianist, and Mr. North, flutist.

David Bispham, the great baritone, will be heard at Simpson Auditorium February 27 and March 3.

The Los Angeles Choral Society is rehearsing the "Elijah" every Thursday evening in Steinway Hall, and Prof. Jahn reports fine progress.

On Monday evening at Simpson Auditorium and on Thursday afternoon the Dolmetschs will present two of their unique concerts, interpreting the Shakespearean and Elizabethan music of the sixteenth century. Paderewski, in speaking to Mme. Modjeska concerning the Dolmetschs, declared that they produced the sweetest music known the world at the present time, and Ben Greet places the Dolmetschs higher in the roster of musical companies than any other organization now traveling in this country.

Stars, et al.,

The Actor—Look here, old man, I wish you'd lend me five dollars in advance, and take it out of my first week's salary.

The Manager—But, my dear fellow, just supposing, for the sake of argument, that I couldn't pay you your first week's salary—where would I be?—Life.

Ida Conquest's next venture will probably be "The Lighting Conductor," which is being dramatized by Milton Royle.

Maxine Elliott has abandoned the proposed presentation this season of a new play, entitled "The Lilac Room." She will finish out her season in "Her Own Way."

Because of the recent prominence of Maxim Gorki in Russia his play, "Nacht Asyl," will soon be produced in New York, instead of in the spring, as was originally intended.

Fritz Scheff is to appear in Vienna next season after the engagement that has been arranged for her in London. The Vienna managers have expressly stipulated that she appear in an American operetta, with her American company in support.

J. J. McCloskey, the veteran actor and dramatist, is left by the death of H. F. Daly as the sole survivor of the "Old Guard" of the drama of 1849 in California. Mr. McCloskey is as clever and chipper as ever and as capable of work as in years past.

E. S. Willard has engaged an American leading lady, Alice Lonnon, who made a pronounced success in London, last season, as Filiberta, in "The Cardinal." She appeared in the leading role in New York in Wilard's play, "The Brighter Side," at the Knickerbocker Theater last Monday night. Miss Lonnon is a California girl.

Margaret Wycherly is presenting in New York three of the best known plays of the Irish poet, W. B. Yeats, at a series of special matinees. The opening bill was "The Land of Heart's Desire," "Cathleen Ni Houlihan," and "The Hour Glass." The scenery used by Miss Wycherly is an exact copy of that used by the Irish National Theater Society in the London run of the Yeats plays, as are the costumes.

Mason Opera House

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It is possible that Cecilia Loftus may return temporarily to vaudeville in the early spring, at the close of her tour in "The Serio-Comic Governess," which will come to an end on April 1. She has asked and obtained, so it is said, the consent of Daniel Frohman to her reappearance in vaudeville. Her return to the field in which she was most successful will not affect her contract with Mr. Frohman, which has still several years to run.

Joseph M. Weber and Florenz Ziegfeld, who have been partners since the beginning of this season, have signed articles dissolving their partnership on February 11, on which date Anna Held, who is Mr. Ziegfeld's wife, will retire from the company and immediately begin rehearsals of "Papa's Wife," in which she will finish the season on the road, under Mr. Ziegfeld's management. It is said that Miss Held has been dissatisfied with her role in "Higgledy Piggledy," and that is the main reason for breaking up of the firm of managers.

In the Musical World

I wonder whether ever the most thoughtful of us ever take occasion to tot up the pitiful number of failures among those young students who, primed with precious predictions and cheery with confidence, hie themselves to expensive Eastern or foreign study—only to return, disappointed and disillusioned, and become merged in the great army of forgotten do-nothings.

It is not a pleasant subject. For, in nine cases out of ten, the helpless candidate for honors which can never be realized is no more responsible for the crazy venture than is the babe unborn responsible for its own inception.

Thoughtless friends—friends incapacitated in the very nature of things by both undue sympathy and non-knowledge—are usually the power which precipitates the trouble. Yet, it is only too often the case that the local teacher in his excess of zeal implants the restless and restless ambition to go out and set the world agog.

But it is useless to argue. The lesson has never been learned. It never will be learned. For, in the infirmity of our interested reasoning, we are sure that each pupil who comes under the spell is destined to reach the vision land. We will admit the mistakes of the past—but this time success is as certain as if it already were. And so the dreary farce goes on and on.

Occasionally, however, out of the ruck and ruin of blighted hopes there emerges a bonny maid with ambition realized. Such a one is Grace Longley, a young soprano who by steady perseverance has attained a high position in New York and is going by leaps and bounds into the very forefront.

Miss Longley went from here to a \$600 position at St. John's Cathedral, Denver. After valuable experience there came New York and the Church of the Strangers over the heads of three hundred other applicants. Later the \$1,000 appointment at Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, was vacated, and again Miss Longley distanced her competitors. The position is still hers, with the pleasant assurance that the church will meet any better offers as they come.

But it is in oratorio and concert work that this young artist is making such marked strides. Among innumerable high-type engagements is a notable one with the Philadelphia Junger Maennerchor, the

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press notices of which are in the highest degree eloquent; and the same success was achieved with "The Messiah" at Bay Ridge, N. Y., as one of a first grade quartet.

It may be that a lesson of some value can be found underlying this achievement. Miss Longley did not leave here until she was solidly grounded in general musicianship and church ritual. She studied not the voice alone, but piano and harmony, and especially sight-reading on a harmonic basis. Grace Longley can read anything—nothing feases her. And she reads from and through intellectual appreciation of the harmonic structure of the music as a whole—not merely from a supposed key cue of the voice part.

This it is that tells. Not one young singer in a hundred is worth her salt from a musicianly standpoint. The voice is something in professional work, but it is very far from being all. And the teacher who suffers his students to think that the voice alone is the open sesame to professional success is guilty of a grave dereliction of duty which must sooner or later cost somebody dear.

A pleasant, sympathetic voice, and a simple, unaffected style are delightful and eminently desirable in the home circle; but they are no more than the implanted acorn to the spreading oak in the field of high professional achievement.

Lads and lassies: If you aim at anything more than a charming amateurship—a noble ambition in itself—make yourselves all-round musicians; and then, other conditions favoring, go ahead with all confidence. But not till then.

Another Los Angeles singer who is making a New York stand is Estelle Catherine Heartt. Miss Longley writes me that Miss Heartt is with her in a coming fine engagement and "is singing beautifully." My correspondent adds that this clever girl should never think of coming home at the early date projected. But New York study and New York living are costly luxuries, and it may be that Miss Heartt finds the tax too great. I hope that is not so, for she is undeniably most gifted and a determined worker.

Still another little maid who has done well with her Chicago study is Miss Louise Nixon Hill—the youngest sister of Mrs. J. E. Cowles. The soprano position at St. John's Church has fallen to her on her return.

But Miss Hill's forte will probably be in the special field of concert and reception work. With an exceedingly pretty mezzo voice, and a most captivating manner, this young singer holds infinite charm in the sympathetic and lighter vein. Her three-period recitals in appropriate costumes are very dainty and effective.

Miss Hill sings at Ontario on Thursday, at a private reception on Saturday, and at one of the Federation gatherings this week. She should be quite a card for functions of this character.

Jean Lane Brooks, a Denver girl, whom I remember very well, is a leading member of the Savage Grand English Opera Co. which comes to us for the week of February 20.

Miss Brooks continued her studies in Paris, and yet I must confess that her evolution into a "Tannhauser" Elizabeth in the Savage company has been a

surprise to me. But she is a splendid girl, of fine family, intensely musical, and I rejoice greatly with her friends in her marked success.

Lucille Saunders, whose lovely contralto voice charmed me infinitely when here, is almost monopolizing vocal honors in Lillian Russell's "Lady Teazle," the operatic version of the "School for Scandal." Miss Saunders is worthy of the highest-type fields, but money, quick money, is a powerful magnet—as Schumann-Heink has found out.

I read yesterday of woman, lovely woman, inducing an irate driver to lighten his load and so enable his horses to pull out of the miry slough. That is one good way. Here is another.

There was a "block." A heavily-loaded lumber wagon was stuck, everybody lost his temper and swearing was in full swing.

Suddenly a street band began to play a lively two-step and everything changed as if by magic. The execrations ceased, the horses quieted down, and each man sat back in his wagon to listen. A Strauss waltz and another spirited march, and then one driver and another jumped down and put his shoulder to the wheel with a "Will I give ye a lift, Mick? It's a big load you've got."

Christ Church evidently means business. Mr. Walker, the energetic choirmaster, recently placed by far the largest order for choral music yet known to the city. And know, if the powers that be will eliminate their west-end organ addition, or find room for it in their chancel scheme, Christ Church will have the musical chance of its lifetime.

The writer has transferred his studio work to 417 Blanchard Hall—Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Mail should be addressed to his residence at the California Hotel.

Tenors and mezzo-sopranos who desire to add to their church repertoire may be recommended to "The New Jerusalem," a sacred song just issued by Oliver Ditson Company.

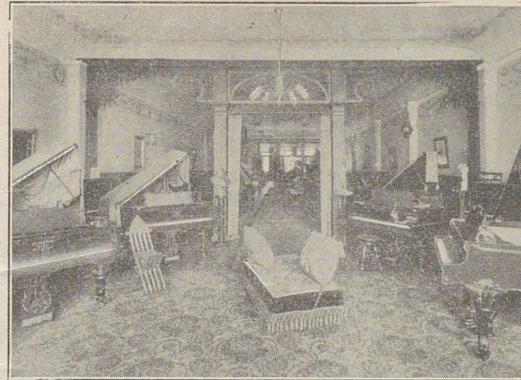
With the coming of Creatore partisanship may be expected to run rampant. It should scarce be so. Creatore is a genius, and Ferullo is a wonder—each in his own way. To clash dates is surely a mistake. Why not let the boys hear one another? Why not have the great leaders clasp hands cheerily and rejoice in each other's triumphs? The country is big enough for both, and the warm Italian heart can pulse just as strongly for generosity as for rivalry.

The visit of the Savage Grand Opera Co. with 110 singers and an orchestra of 45 foreshadows the greatest continuous music fest in the city's history.

It were hardly conceivable that a more thoroughly popular and representative repertoire of notable works could be submitted to the hearing of our music-hungry. Running the gamut from "Lohengrin" of Monday through "Il Trovatore," "Tannhäuser," "Carmen," "Tosca," and "La Bohème," to the favorite double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" of Saturday evening, the most riotous imagination could scarce ask for more.

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The Merchants' Trust Co. has taken possession of the banking and trust departments of their new fire-proof building at 209 and 211 South Broadway. The floor space for the institution is 55x80 feet, the \$40,000 steel vaults for cash and books occupying space at the southeast corner, adjoining which is the counter and the desks for the trust department business, to which there is convenient access from the north side of large room.

The First National Bank of Anaheim has let to Graham & Eaton the contract for remodeling and building an addition to the building at the corner of Center and Los Angeles streets. The cost of these alterations will be about \$16,000, and in addition the bank will spend about \$8,000 for vaults and fixtures. The interior of the bank's quarters is to be handsomely furnished, and when the work is completed the bank will have one of the handsomest homes in Southern California.

Financial

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the State Bank and Trust Co. two new directors were elected to fill vacancies. A. C. Harper, of the Harper-Reynolds Hardware Co., was chosen to succeed Fred A. Hines, resigned, and W. H. Walker, a local capitalist, was elected to succeed B. F. Porter, of San Francisco, who for a long time has been wanting to retire. The complete directorate now includes: C. C. Allen, A. C. Harper, W. H. Walker, Warren Gillelen, R. H. Howell, T. E. Gibbon, F. K. Rule, A. W. Ryan, C. T. Crowell, H. J. Woollacott, J. W. A. Off. These directors organized by electing H. J. Woollacott president, R. H. Howell vice-president, Warren Gillelen second vice-president, J. W. A. Off cashier, Frank Liddell assistant cashier.

The Carnegie offer of \$10,000 for a library was accepted by the board of trustees of Monrovia. With this donation in site, the board feels justified in placing an item of \$2,000 in the bond issue for a site for the building, instead of \$1,000, as formerly planned.

The State Bank of Wilmington has been organized and will be incorporated immediately. P. E. Hatch, of Long Beach, is president, S. S. Cary cashier. The directors will select plans for the bank building, which will be located corner of Canal and Second streets. The building will be of pressed brick and cost \$5,000. Erection of the building will commence in two weeks.

Bonds

The city trustees of Orange have sold the \$50,000 issue of municipal water bonds to the Adams-Phillips Co., of Los Angeles, for par and accrued interest. The bonds bear 4½ per cent and run for forty years. The purchasers are the present owners of the water system, and following the sale of the bonds the trustees voted to buy the waterworks from Adams-Phillips for \$29,000 cash. The balance of the issue will be used in improving the system, extending and enlarging mains for ample fire protection.

At a meeting of the city trustees of Santa Ana the bonds voted for extension of the water system in the sum of \$100,000 sold to N. W. Harris, of Pasadena, for par and accrued interest and \$9,011 premium. The successful bidders will prepare the bonds according to a particular form, the cost not to exceed \$120.

Bonds are to be issued by the city of Long Beach for \$60,000. Half of the sum will be used for rebuilding the pavilion and the remainder for the fire department improvements.

Board of school trustees of School District 27, Douglas, Cochise county, Ariz., will receive sealed bids, which will be opened at office of H. S. Kenyon, clerk of said board, Feb. 27, at 12 noon. The bonds will be thirty in number, of \$500 each, running twenty years, and bearing 6 per cent interest.

L. L. Elliott, general manager of the Merchants' Trust Co., has deposited with the city clerk of Los Angeles a sealed bid for the \$50,000 worth of Detention Hospital bonds which the city has for sale.

The school trustees of Long Beach have called a meeting to discuss calling an election for a bond issue to provide more school room.

After being on the market for nearly a year, the bonds of \$3,000 issued by the Silsbee school district have been taken up by the Southern Pacific Railroad for face value and \$113.50 for accrued interest. Sale of the Calexico school bonds in the same amount to the railroad company will be closed in a few days, when both districts will proceed to erect buildings.

The special committee on preparing a resolution for rebonding the Anaheim Union Water Co. has been granted further time.

Los Nietos Valley Union High School District of Los Angeles county will hold an election February 21, at the high school, to vote on the question of issuing and selling \$17,000 high school bonds for purchase of lots and erection of high school building, furnishings, etc.

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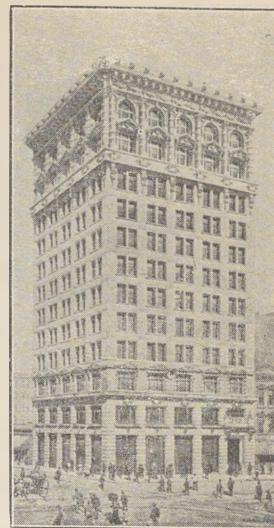
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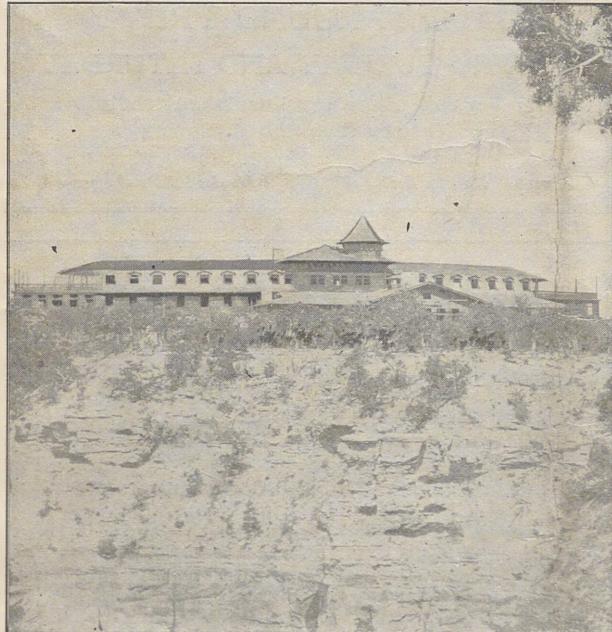
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